

The wounds of the Boat Tragedy of 1934 did not dry up so soon. For the Year 1935, the usual trip to the Wular Lake was not undertaken, as far as I recollect. The Teachers' Fraternity with the Principal Mr. C. E. Tyndale Biscoe etc. had their picnic in this year in the Almond full-blossom-flower orchards situated down the slopes of the Hari Parbat Hill (The eatables and eatings in ready-to-serve condition was the responsibility of my father, Mr. Rugh Nath Zafpuri). Incidentally, on that very day, I was ordered by the Head Master (a cousin of my father) of the Rainawari School, of which I was the student, to go to my home to fetch the tuition fee amount for payment in the School. Though the other Teacher (Mr. Damodar Safaya - my form class Teacher) intervened, the Head Master was adamant. This whole episode had received wide publicity. When it reached Rev. Biscoe's ears, he immediately, in the Orchard ^(picnic sight itself), passed order publicly, waiving it in the case of wards of Teachers.

Be it, as it may, a journey to the Wular Lake was made in 1936, as usual. During this year both my father and my uncle visited the Wular Lake to discharge their own allotted duties. My father, Mr. Rugh Nath Zafpuri, fell ill during this year's trip and returned sick to his home. His condition deteriorated day by day and as ordained he passed away in February, 1937. However, the Wular Trip for the year 1937 was planned. As Mr. Tara Chand, my uncle, used to play a pivotal role, he visited the Wular Lake. Unfortunately, during the trip, Mr. Tara Chand, my uncle, fell a victim to an accident ^(due to a burst of the Motor launch engine). Strange enough, his one ear drum got burst / pierced. Such was the deepness of the wound which later resulted in severe infection that he was bed-ridden for more than a year or so. Finally, he too met his end in February, 1939. So close was he to Mr. Biscoe that he ordered for the assembly of the boys in the grounds, when he addresses them about Mr. Tara Chand's brave deeds. Finally, a condolence message was received by us in our house.

Finishing with the account of travel to the Wular Lake I now turn to fulfil my word now. You remember that in the beginning I promised to you to acquaint you with the ^{relevant} extracts of the "KOSHUR SAMACHAR" of the related dates which I do now. It covers the Wular Lake tragedy or the participants involved therein—

TEXT OF THE RELEVANT EXTRACT FROM KOSHUR SAMACHAR.

① TITLE --- "C.M. Tyndale Biscoe, Father of Education in Kashmir" by Pushkar Nath Safaya (May, 2000)

----- 'Master Nanak Joo (pet name Nana Batuk, for his duck like nature as he saved his colleagues during a sailing storm in Wular Lake)'....

----- 'There was one more myth with this boat that this was the same very boat in which Mr. Nanak Joo (Batuk) saved his colleagues in Wular Lake'-----

② TITLE --- "Tyndale Biscoe's Schools" by M. N. Kaul (October, 2000)

----- "Here I will deal with one such name, that of Master Nank Chand nicknamed Batuk. Batuk as you know means duck in Kashmiri"

----- "The main items of the competition were: Relay race, cosmopolitan race, duck race and finally the sinking of paddle-rowed boats. In duck race, the main role was played by Nanak Chand. He covered his head with the lake weed which camouflaged him from the surroundings of the lake. It was a hide-and-seek game. The manoeuvres of this "master", ducking ^{under}

water and even under boats, gave a tough time to the hunters. Finally, the team which caught hold of the duck won the game. Thus, the teacher assumed the name - Nana Batuk".

----- "Shri Safaya has written that Nanak Chand by his duck-like actions, saved his colleagues during a sailing storm in the Wular Lake. This is factually incorrect and I give the facts of the tragedy."-----

----- "This time to Wular Lake. It was on the fateful day of April 11, 1934, when Nanak Chand and six other adventurous young teachers took a fancy to have a joy ride in the lake. They erected an improvised sail on the Six-Oared Boat. Nanak Chand was at the steering (rudder). In the beginning the wind was unindirectional of low intensity. The boat kept on sailing smoothly. But as the boat reached towards the deeper side of the lake (Watalab) the wind turned into the furious storm creating a whirlpool. The boat capized and all the seven with their woollens on were drowned. The toppled boat and sail ropes turned into a death-trap for them. Nanak Chand, the duck and an expert swimmer, was no more. He could not save himself, what to speak of saving his six colleagues."

----- "The tragedy gave a grievous shock to our family because one of seven victims was my maternal uncle, Pt. Dina Nath Warikoo of Rainawari, an all rounder and a brilliant young man of 28 years. I was a student of Class VII that time. I vividly recall that moment when we received the news of his demise on the third day of the tragedy. The untimely and tragic death of seven young teachers, who lived in different localities of Srinagar, engulfed the whole city in a pall of gloom and deep mourning. As many as 66 years have gone by and it is a part of history now."-----

③ TITLE.... "Tale from Biscoe School"..... by Dwarika Nath Kaul (Jan 2001)
Mr. Safaya

----- "In para two of the write-up, the learned writer, states "Master Nanak Joo (pet name Nana Batuk for his duck-like nature) saved his colleagues during a sailing storm in the Wular Lake". This is misrepresentation of the facts. Shri Nana Kaul (not Nanakjoo) was

my father. He was very adept in swimming and would swim and dive like a duck and so was given the sobriquet of the 'DUCK' by Shri Biscoe himself. However, Shri M. N. Kaul in the "Editors Mail" column in the October issue of esteemed journal is right when he says that 'he could not save himself, what to ^{say of} saving of his colleagues. But one thing which Shri Kaul may not be knowing is that during the search for the bodies next day they found my father sitting dead and stiff at the rudder with legs apart and his wrist watch broken and also one of the colleagues dead in the boat. The other five colleagues were drowned and were "found in the third day of the tragedy".

It was the annual feature of the CMS School Staff to go for "Wular Cross" in April. On the fateful day of April 11, 1934, my father sent the other boats to cross the lake before 4.00 pm. Sh. Shambhu Nath Khosa, my mama ji, who was in the other boat, got himself exchanged for a teacher from this boat. My father with six other colleagues, including Sh. Khosa, left Bandipur after 4.00 pm. It is usually said that it is not safe to cross the lake after 4.00 pm.

Unfortunately, while crossing the lake, they were caught in a raging hailstorm accompanied by strong gale in which all the seven members of the crew bracing the onslaught, lost their lives. A lot of sand was found in my father's nails presuming that he might have tried to find the five other drowned colleagues.

To this point of time I have, Reader!, rendered the travel account from our residence to the Wular Lake (Ningal) and back to residence. With this I have attempted to acquaint you with the details of the connected Lakes, Rivers and their tributaries with religious, mythological, historical and legendary backgrounds from time to time. Further, I have repeated the relevant extracts of the three learned writers as appeared in the esteemed journal "KASHUR SAMACHAR". Now it is the turn of the contents of the LOG (extracts for 1934-35 years as received from Dr. C. H. Tyndale Biscoe, Australia, as a token of

courtesy.) Though only certain lines here and those of the LOG would have been sufficient for the treatise, yet I have reproduced the full text received ^{through Mr D. N. Kaul} by me for making you aware of the political controversies, social ups and downs and the sufferance of the Kashmiri Pandits, a tiny ethical minority, then prevailing. In fact, the LOG can be termed as a part of history now as the Reader will himself appreciate by glancing through it.

TEXT OF LOG BOOK

1934-35

Church Mission School, Kashmir

FOUNDED: 1880

By REV. J. H. KNOWLES, B.D., F.R.G.S.

SCHOOL STAFF

PRINCIPAL:

REV. CANON C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE, M.A. (Bradfield and Jesus College, Camb.)

VICE-PRINCIPAL:

E. D. TYNDALE-BISCOE, B.A. (Haileybury and Jesus College, Camb.), M.R.S.T. (On furlough)

FREDERIC JACOB, M.A. (Caius College, Camb.), M.R.S.T.

MRS. E. D. TYNDALE-BISCOE, B.A. (Queen Anne's, Caversham, and Girton College, Camb.) (On furlough)

SHENKER KOUL, B.A., Headmaster

MR. RALPH MOAN, Instructor of Carpentry

DOCTOR DINA NATH, Medical Visitor

NINETY INDIAN AND KASHMIRI TEACHERS

GIRLS' SCHOOL:

MISS MURIEL P. MALLINSON, L.L.A., M.R.S.T. (On furlough)

MISS M. J. PRICE

MISS MARY CECIL, B.A. (Camb.)

MISS AHMAD SHAH AND SEVEN KASHMIRI TEACHERS

Average Number on Roll—Boys, 1,451; Girls, 300.

VICTORY AFTER DEFEAT

TWO years ago we entitled our school log, 'Riding the Storms.' This year we have to acknowledge defeat, but are able, to our great joy, to add the word 'Victory.'

The year 1934 has been our stormiest since 1902, when Mrs. Annie Besant came from Madras to smash our school by opening an opposition one close to ours, and within a fortnight had taken away 300 of our pupils.

I mention that particular year's happenings because I was the cause of the storm.

There had been a terrible epidemic of cholera in Kashmir, so that in the City of Srinagar alone 500 deaths occurred daily for a fortnight, and as one of the main causes was the absolute filth of the city, I thought it was about time that something should be done, and started our staff and boys 'cleaning up.' As these workers were all Hindus, Mrs. Besant came to save them from breaking their caste.

That big storm, and it was one which lasted for a whole year, was caused by my action. But this year's succession of storms, which commenced in the first month, fell upon us unwittingly and was none of our seeking. A conspiracy against the headmaster of one of our branch schools caused us much trouble, for it dragged in many side issues and nearly started a communal riot in the city. It ended, however, in a very unexpected and satisfactory manner. One of the chief actors in the affair, thinking he was of some importance, fortunately made himself objectionable to the police. They promptly took him to the station and gave him a sixteen annas to the rupee thrashing, which was just the medicine to suit his complaint of swelled head. A quicker cure I have rarely seen, and he is now once more the humble servant of the headmaster as well as of the police force, so victory came our way from an unexpected quarter.

Victory After Storm

In the month of February the next storm blew up from another direction.

The Muhammadans were once more on the buzz against the Government, and amongst the orders that they issued to the city was one that the schools were to join in their *hartal* and close down. But although we had much sympathy with the Muhammadans in their aspirations, we did not see why we should be ordered about by them in school affairs, so we refused to obey these orders, as we refused those of the Hindus a year or so ago when they ordered us to join their *hartal*, resulting in our schools being picketed and our loyal boys being attacked, with much annoyance and tom-foolery thrown in. On this occasion we were warned that our schools would be picketed, etc., and we were kept on the watch whilst the Muhammadan mobs went marching about the streets, chased the police and amused themselves in various ways until the military were called in to take over control.

Our real anxiety was that a communal war might start as it did two years ago. It is remarkable how quickly blood begins to flow in the name of religion. Each party pretends that its god or gods have been insulted and so has an excellent excuse to show its devotion to its deity by breaking somebody's head, or failing that it causes the shops of the opposite religion to be looted and thus despoils their merchandise.

Or they show their love to their God in a less militant manner by blocking the public thoroughfare, holding up the traffic and dislocating business.

As Mr. Jacob and I were walking to school, we found the main street outside a mosque absolutely blocked by the mullah's congregation, squatting on the road in their hundreds, for the Easterner is a better church-goer than the Westerner.

Now just transfer yourself in thought from Srinagar to London and imagine the rector of one of the popular churches having his congregation blocking the main thoroughfare whilst he preached an hour's sermon!

Well, all this *tamasha* day after day was hardly conducive to discipline among the Muhammadan scholars.

The city has for the last few months been peaceful, possibly because Kashmir has now got its first Legislative Assembly, where all parties can let off steam.

Six of our old boys are members. All honour we give to this first sitting of the Assembly, for their first act was to pass a law to suppress the immoral traffic in women and girls. Kashmiri women being fair they fetch a good price in India. Kashmir has always been the hunting ground for the seducer and the pimp. Every autumn lorry loads of this human merchandise go down the road to India.

The 'cat' has been added to the punishment of fines and imprisonment, so we trust that this slavery will be lessened, for it is the 'cat' that traffickers in the souls of women and girls fear.

In March a fresh storm began to brew. This time it was to be in our very midst, viz., the school staff. As it was a Hindu intrigue it was beyond the power of any ordinary human mortal to follow. No one who has not tried to follow the twists and turns and doubles of a Hindu intrigue can possibly understand when and where it begins or where it is intended to lead. I should like to know how they persuaded the devil to teach it them so thoroughly.

The first act anyway was a threatening letter which was intended to reach me, and did reach me. So that there should be no mistake at the start, I had it put up on the school wall for every master and boy to see, and to read, mark and learn. I cannot relate fully the particular storm, as we have not arrived at the end of it yet, though we are having a longish lull just at present.

On April 11th, there fell upon us a terrible blow, the tragedy of the Wular Lake.

As most of the readers of this log will have heard of this disaster, I need only say, shortly, that five of our teachers and two old students were sailing on the lake when they were over-

whelmed in an especially heavy squall, and not one was left to tell the tale. They were all seven strong swimmers.

You can understand the shock to me on hearing such news, but within a second or so of the blackness that surrounded me I saw light, and I said to myself, Out of this disaster will come blessing. Defeat will somehow become a victory, and it is of this which I now write. The truth of the words of the Psalmist have ever been my experience in dark hours—Ps. 18: 29. With the help of my God I SHALL leap over the wall; Ps. 27: 1. The Lord is my Light and Salvation whom then shall I fear, etc.

It took us ten days of search before we gathered from the lake the seventh body. It was grim work sending these bodies 30 miles by boat to Srinagar. We did so because their relatives wished to have the funeral rites performed by their own particular priests before cremation.

The body of the captain was sent up first. When it arrived it was met by a relation of his, a retired Government clerk, who had been trying for the last year to ruin him and turn him and his family out of their house. When he received the body he called together about three hundred Brahmans, in order to make a demonstration against me. (Mr. Jacob and I had been trying to help the captain to save his house.)

They intended to organize a procession and carry the body round the city to show the citizens how Biscoe killed his teachers, and they would have done so had not the leader of the Brahmans heard of it and with a party of his men appeared on the scene and prevented it; moreover he wrote a strong article in the newspaper that he edits, giving a true statement of the facts, and distributed throughout the city with the beat of drum 3,000 free copies. He then came down to the lake, 30 miles distant, bringing some of his party to sympathise with us and offer his help.

Later, when I returned to Srinagar he brought several members of the Bar to see me and sympathise, and begged me not to give up taking the teachers and boys to the Wular Lake to face the storms, saying, 'For the last 40 years you have taken your boys to the lake to face storms, and have turned Kashmiris into men.'

Now, to get to the point and to what really matters. He said, 'We have not always seen eye to eye in the school's efforts for

social uplift, but now we understand and intend to work with u.'

You who have visited our schools, or those who have read our school logs, have tumbled to it that we are out for things that really matter. That is to set wrong right, to defend the weak against the oppressor, or in short knight-errantry, and in doing this we have bumped into all sorts of people and got ourselves disliked, and especially by the religious crowd, for it is through them that the women are done down—I mean early marriages encouraged—old men marrying little girls—widows not allowed to re-marry—widows who continually are pregnant, their children not allowed to live. Naturally the old school of Brahman has not loved us and has fought us continually, when preaching in the temples, and anywhere and everywhere.

WE'LL FACE THE STORMS TODAY

The clouds are banked on the mountains, the Wular is sullen and grey. We'll brist the sail, and brave the gale. Come! Out and launch away.
'We'll face the storms today.'

The white-winged gulls are wheeling, they glint in the murky air, As far below they see them go, the waves of the Wular to dare.
To face the storms out there.

How did it happen? There's none can tell, save the gulls, the wind and wave.
Sh Shur Din! Had you ever seen such a fight 'twixt the strong and the brave?
'Come fight, for there's none to save.'

The flimsy craft is swallowed up; they're whipped with the spray and the rain.
With gasping breath they face their death, as they tussle and wrench and strain.
'Come, heave her up again.'

At last the task's accomplished, the boat's afloat once more.
But out of the crew remain but two; no rudder or sail or oar.
They fought, but they fight no more.

'Come, what shall we do, my captain? Can we reach the shore alive?'
'I care no more to reach the shore. We only two survive.'
'But what of the other five?'

¹ Shur Din, a saint's tomb on a hill-top overlooking the lake, to which travellers pray for a safe crossing.

'No, perish the thought,' he answered, 'for this we were not born,'
'They fought our fight. Have we the right to leave them alone forlorn?'
'Come, meet them beyond the dawn.'

When the wild wind lashes the water, and life is a stormy sea,
'In All Things Men' is our watchword then. And may it always be,
'Come, face the storms with me.'

Let the thunder crash in the mountains. Let the lightning hiss in the rain.
We'll never forget the example they set in our sorrow, our trouble and pain.

But we'll face the storms again,
And again,
We'll face the storms again.

Now, through the loss of our seven brave fellows, salvation for the women has dawned, for these men who were against us are for us. The younger spirits among the Brahmans had been for the last year or so trying to alter the custom of ages, and it is they who were able to see in our lake tragedy something inspiring, viz. seven Brahman youths who went forth to conquer the Wular storm. They could have run before the gale, but they did not, they wanted to try their skill and strength against it. As the Brahman barrister said, 'Sir, they did what Britishers do when they try to conquer mountains. That spirit is coming to the Kashmiri. That is the true spirit which we now realize, and hence we wish to join up with you.'

In 1928, our headmaster, Mr. Shanker Koul with 300 old boys carried out a double wedding, and in consequence for more than a year they had to undergo the curses of the orthodox, and much else.

Now we hope through this tragedy the day has dawned, and that ere long the Hindu women will be emancipated. Below you see the number of widows who have been given a chance to live a lawful married life through the efforts of our school staff and old students.

1924	1	1932	7
1928	2	1933	21
1929	2	1934	11
1930	2				
1931	3				
							Total ... 49

From time to time friends have asked why we never write in our annual logs information concerning school class work and

examinations, and some doubt whether we ever meet our boys in the class rooms.

I am well aware that it is the custom to dwell on class work and success in examinations, but then we do not prefer to follow custom nor have any desire to do so. We have learnt by long experience that examinations have been, and are now, one of the greatest curses in India. But as parents send their boys to school for this one and only object, viz. to pass examinations, we are obliged to help these boys to prepare, but not cram for these examinations, otherwise we should have no scholars to prepare for something infinitely more important than public examinations, viz. true citizenship and all that it stands for, to love your neighbour as yourself and to strive humbly to follow Him who not merely taught His ideals by word, but lived them right through to the bitter end. I say that the parents send their sons to school for this one purpose, and so keen are they that their son should pass, that they are not angry when they crib in the examinations, unless their sons are caught.

When we punish their sons for cribbing we receive numbers of letters, either saying that they did not cheat or that the master who reported the cribbing had a spite against their boy; especially will they say this when the teacher happens to be of a different religion from the pupil, and will try to make a communal matter of it. They even persuade Government officials to write to us on the subject and threaten us.

So much stress is put upon the passing of their examinations that the Hindu student will sit up all night reading before an examination, he will tie his top knot to a nail placed in the wall behind his head, so that the pain of the jerk will wake him if he nods in sleep.

If religiously inclined, as most Brahmins are, he will invite a priest to come to his aid. The priest being a kind man will certainly do his best; he will order the student to visit the goddess of learning who dwells in a tank 20 miles from Srinagar, or walk round the sacred hill so many times on the night before the examination, or the student will visit someone who has power with the devil, who knows the questions to be set in the next examination.

These and many other methods adopted by would-be successful examinees are known to us through the students coming to

ask our help in recovering the money they have paid to the priests and others who have cheated them.

The parents of the rich boys will pay the school teachers and tutors of their sons to arrange for their passing their examinations, in which they succeed when the superintendents of these public examinations happen to be either slackers, fools or crooks, and I have known all three specimens.

If with all the care we take, and the punishments that we inflict on those who cheat in our school examinations we have only had one clean examination in 44 years to my knowledge, you will have some idea what the cheating must be in public examinations when 500 to 2,000 examinees sit in one centre. I did for several years superintend the public examinations and therefore I am not quite ignorant of the tricks of this trade, and in consequence have no respect whatever for these public examinations.

Before I quit this subject, let me give just one example of the keen interest and practical sympathy that those interested in education in this country take in examinees. It happened over 20 years ago, so I shall not hurt anyone's feelings by telling it.

I was Superintendent of the Punjab University Matriculation examinations that year. About 200 yards from the examination hall stands a big building used then as the Accountant-General's Office. Although it was 7.30 a.m. I discovered that the offices were not empty but occupied by certain B.A.'s who had most kindly risen early that wintry morning to be of service to any distressed examinees. I did not disturb them, but in my kindness of heart allowed them to carry on their charitable work and answer the papers of those from whom they were to receive hard cash in return. But I saw that these papers did not reach these examinees until after the examination was over. I need hardly say that my popularity was not increased by this action.

I reported this and other matters which I thought might interest the Punjab University, but I never received a reply. I may add that it is now many years since I have been asked to superintend this examination.

For the last two years we have had a MAN sent up to look after the examination, who not only understands the ways of

and tutors, etc., but also knows how to deal with those who are foolish enough to try it on.

From the foregoing perhaps the readers of our school logs will understand why we give examinations no place in our

pages, but get on to things which we think are vital, the making not of bipeds but of MEN, with the ideal ever before us of Christian manhood.

EVENTS OF THE YEAR

January 2nd.—Our first act of the year was to instal an English iron bath in the school washing room, with a fire place underneath the bath, so that there should be no excuse for not washing in the winter months and to let the dirty boy see that if necessary we can boil the dirt off him.

The Kashmiri does not seem to have any sense which can tell him that he is not clean, so the fact that he is not clean has to be demonstrated by action daily. No boy is allowed to open his beloved lesson books, until he has been passed as clean by his form master. How can a boy be self-respecting until he is clean, and how can he be a man until he has self-respect? I would any day rather have a clean boy who had failed in his examination than a dirty one who had passed. In this country we are obliged to give much time and thought to cleanliness. We look upon this as one of the foundations of education.

January 12th.—The first event of the year as I said above was the arrival of a bath, and the second event was the departure of Miss Muriel Mallinson from Kashmir; not that the arrival of the bath had anything to do with her departure, but the need of rest and change after a long five years of continued and strenuous work at her school and for the women of Kashmir generally.

Miss Marion Price, a veteran missionary of 30 years' service took over the schools from Miss Mallinson and has put in of her best, so that nothing should be lacking when she handed over the schools in February of 1935.

The girls' school has done better than the boys' school in the matter of baths, for Mr. Fred Jacob decided most generously to give the girls a swimming bath. It is not considered proper that girls should be seen swimming in the rivers or lakes and

the result is that many women and girls are drowned every year unless our boys are at hand to save them.

In order to give the boys an opportunity of gallantry Mr. Jacob daily took gangs of boys after school hours to excavate a pit in which the swimming bath could be fixed up. There was a time when the Brahman school boys were asked to do manual labour, and they refused on the ground that if they did so they would get muscle on their arms, and they might then be mistaken for low-caste coolies. So you will see times are changing in the unchangeable East.

We hope before long the girls will be challenging the boys to swim the lake.

February.—Dr. Ernest F. Neve retired after 47 years' medical work in Kashmir. It would be interesting to know how many lives he has saved during these years and how many people have to thank him for lives of health and happiness through his treatment and advice.

May 10th.—Miss Helen Burges held her sale of work in the Sheikh Bagh. What does this mean? It means the result of incessant labour at toy-making. She collects from anywhere and everywhere scraps of all kinds of cloth materials and turns them into herds of cattle, packs of dogs, flocks of birds of all kinds—in fact the ordinary zoo is not in it. Twice a year she gives the public a chance of possessing these works of art, and in consequence has handed over to the school coffers over Rs. 500 in the year.

What would you not give to have a sister-in-law such as this one? She is my sister-in-law.

May 12th.—Our boathouse was moved to a permanent site.

VICTORY AFTER DEFEAT

Four years ago the State ordered the removal of our school boathouse on the lake side to make way for a boulevard, but we were not given any land on which to rebuild it. So we managed to hire a piece of land in the lake. Now the owner of the land, being an avaricious gentleman, let this plot to a second individual but as we had put up our boathouse, and possession is nine-tenths of the law, I believe, we held on until an old student of ours most kindly gave us a site, and on it the school boathouse stands as you see in the photo.

May 24th.—Marriage of our daughter, Frances Irene, to Alec A. Montgomery Best at All Saints Church by Canon C. G. Stokoe. The school Scouts acted as guard of honour with the school band.

The Resident and Mrs. Lang most kindly lent their beautiful garden for the 'At home' afterwards. Later the bride and bridegroom left for their home at Chilas, under the shadow of Nanga Parbat, where Mr. Alec A. M. Best is Political Officer.

About two months after the wedding a doctor flew over the mountain ranges from Peshawar to Chilas, a dangerous flight, in answer to an S.O.S. from Frances. He saved Alec's life by arriving in time to remove his appendix. The S.O.S. would never have got through in time if it had not been for the splendid staff work done by Major D. R. Smith at Kashmir and the officials in India, all acting in union and with promptness. It was another case of victory in the hour of defeat.

July 3rd.—Mr. Ralph Moan arrived to take charge of the technical department of the school. He is a master carpenter and is a believer in hard work.

July 10th.—Our annual swim across the Dal Lake, three and a half miles. Two hundred and eight started and ninety accomplished the swim. Eleven continued to swim on down the canal and river to the school which is about seven and a half miles. For the first time in the history of the school the public watching the swimmers from the bridges, actually cheered them. Another miracle was performed by the parents of one of the boys hiring a boat in order to accompany him on the swim.

September 5th.—The annual swim across the Wular Lake. We were not at all sure whether parents of the boys would permit their sons to take part in the swim, so to encourage them Miss Mary and Miss Thea Cecil, who are the step-daughters of Mr.

Fred Jacob, sportingly offered to join in. Twenty boys wished to swim, but only twelve could obtain permission from their parents.

We had the pleasure of having with us Mr. Holdsworth Principal of the Islamia College, nr. Peshawar, Mr. G. A. Kay Professor at Edwards College, Peshawar, Mr. Giles Alington, son of the Dean of Durham and late Headmaster of Eton, Mr. Ralph Moan and Dr. C. Vosper as our Medical Officer.

When all had been oiled and were ready, the order was given to dive in. Sixteen started and twelve reached the opposite shore, a distance of only about three miles, as the lake was very low this year. Miss Thea Cecil came in second. It was a great relief when that swim across the dreaded Wular was safely over, and we were able to report in the city that all was well. For it will help us when we go to the Wular at Easter to sail once more and to face the storms.

September 18th.—The school long distance run. The boys start from Sheikh Bagh and climb the hill Takht-i-Suliman (Throne of Solomon) 1,000 ft., they run round the ancient Hindu temple on the summit and back to the starting point; about five miles in all. Five hundred and eighty-five started and all but twenty finished. The first did the run in under the hour.

September 25th.—Annual School Display.

The Honourable the Resident, Col. L. E. Lang, C.I.E., kindly presided and Mrs. Lang distributed the awards.

The show commenced with a display of eight hundred at P.T. with the school band. The following account appeared in *The Statesman*.—

'The annual display of the C.M.S. schools was, as usual, a sight well worth seeing. Each time one sees this display the more one is struck with the astonishingly successful results obtained by Canon Tyndale-Biscoe and his assistants. The Kashmiri boy in the raw does not appear to be very promising material and it is astounding how a short time at one of these schools alters him into quite a respectable member of society.

'The display was given by many hundreds of boys of all ages from the various schools in Srinagar and Islamabad and was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number of spectators present. The mass drill by the boys in their smart uniforms was an attractive sight, as was the club-swinging to music. The acro-

Magazines

Antimata
Bapt. Mission School, Agra
Bengalpur C.M.S. School
East and West
Crista Sera Sanga
The Cottonian
The Eagle, Bedford School

Empire Review
In the Nizam's Dominions
Kishori Raman H. S. Magazine
The Modern Student
Malsis Hall Chronicle
The Scouter
Viking

The following is a list of friends who have helped the school at Islamabad, and to whom the Headmaster, Mr. Shridar Buth, and his ever-loyal staff, wish to offer their grateful thanks.

1. Dr. M. Gomery, for visiting the school weekly to teach, for her medical assistance to the boys and their families, and for her gifts to about 250 boys at Christmas.

2. Miss A. L. Coverdale, for her gift of Rs. 100 for the repair of the school buildings, and other useful gifts and papers for the boys and her former girl pupils.

* * * * *

Nanak Chand Koul, the captain of the ill-fated six-oared boat, joined our school in 1907 at the age of the nine, and remained till he was nearly twenty-one; subsequently being taken on to the staff. He was not particularly bright at lessons, but was remarkably keen on swimming. At the age of 14 he swam across the Dal Lake (four miles); and three years later he swam across the Wular Lake from Banyari to Ningle (seven miles). Besides this he was always ready to join in any jobs of social service out of school. While he was quite young, he developed a taste for carpentry, and though he was a Brahman, and therefore his whole upbringing was against such things, he used to mix with the Muhammadan carpenters in order to learn from them.

He was just the sort of man we need on our staff to encourage the boys to forget that they are 'high-born gentlemen.' He had a complete disregard for the tabus of orthodoxy. He was the first Brahman to lead us in the matter of killing mad dogs, for which he was boycotted, as mentioned elsewhere in the log. He was the first scout master in Kashmir to persuade his Hindu and Muhammadan scouts to give up the nonsense of separate cooking and feeding while in camp—and again he got into hot water.

3. Mrs. Beckett, for monthly magazines and illustrated papers.
4. Miss Enid Hunter, for tea to the staff and boys on Armistice Day.

5. Captain E. Egerton, for taking a party of boys and masters to Verenag, where he took photos of headers and double diving.

6. Miss Newnham, for her gifts to poor boys.

7. Thakur Zaffar Singh, Tehsildar, Islamabad, for presenting books worth Rs. 20 to the school.

8. Mr. Satha Ram, shopkeeper, for presenting pens to the boys of the high department.

9. The Misses Calvert, for presenting papers and other useful things to the school.

10. Col. R. Hamilton, R.E., for his gifts of photos and rupees.

11. Mr. Buta Singh, for weekly lessons to the boys.

C. E. TYNDALE-BISCOE.

His love of the water was phenomenal in a Kashmiri. Many of our readers will remember him as the 'duck' at our regattas, who afforded them so much amusement by his masterly dodging of the crews who were trying to catch him. He never missed a chance of coming to the Wular camp; in fact one year he brought his wife with him—the first and only time such a thing has happened. In camp he was always up to some sort of 'rag,' and kept us all lively with his good humour.

He turned his love of carpentry to good use, by starting a carpenters' shop in the school. He exchanged the genteel position of a teacher for the menial position of a technical instructor, but he did not care a rap for these distinctions. In 1931, he was sent for a proper training in carpentry to a technical institute in British India. He returned the following year full of enthusiasm, and soon had our technical department going splendidly; with all sorts of plans for the future.

However, it was not to be. The Wular which he loved so well claimed him for its own. The storms which have caused the Kashmiris to dread the Wular from immemorial times, had a fascination for him. As one of the staff said, 'Nana Koul had no fear.' Neither did he fear the storms of nature, nor the storms of orthodoxy. In all things a MAN.

Reader! It appears to me that I have exhausted your patience by putting before you my treatise. I will not take any more time of yours. So I here finish it with the last important point i.e my CONCLUSION!

CONCLUSION

I toiled hard for about three months or so to present to you the eye-witness account of our Wular Lake trip together with the tragedy which befell us there leaving us orphans with a loss of SEVEN PRECIOUS YOUNG LIVES in a furious storm that engulfed the lake on 11. 4. 1934. THE UNTIMELY DEMISE OF THE DEPARTED SOULS WAS, IS AND WILL BE BEMOANED BY REV. BISCOE'S FAMILY (PERSONAL LOSS), C.M.S. SCHOOLS TEACHERS' FRATERNITY AND BOYS ASSEMBLIES AND MOST OF ALL THE FAMILIES OF THE PERISHED ONES IN THE LAKE CATASTROPHY. In rendering the said account I taxed my memory, consulted a few of my friends and referred to certain books/articles. Since the subject topic is deeply connected with C.M.S. Schools, then in existence, I simultaneously touched upon a few school activities with the then concerned participative teachers. On top of it, I also stated a few items of pioneering work done by Rev. C.E. Tyndale Biscoe in spreading modern education in Kashmir and also his benevolent and human nature. Not only this, I also pointed out to you some political controversies, social ups and downs and sufferances experienced by the Kashmiri Pandits, as prevalent then. Such matters are hard to be treated separately from the main one viz. "Storm Tragedy". Next I made available to you the relevant extracts of "KASHUR SAMACHAR" and the Log (1934-35) received from Dr. C.H. Biscoe. One might ask me what I found in the said effort. Yes, I found that i. DEATH IS BOUND TO COME; ALSO TIME, TIDE AND TRAGEDY WAIT FOR NONE ii. SELFLESS SERVICE IS GOD'S SERVICE, and CEASELESS STRUGGLE, LEAVING REWARD WITH HIM, IS THE AIM OF LIFE.